

# Mrs. Rice, Anti-Noise Leader,

## IN HER HOME

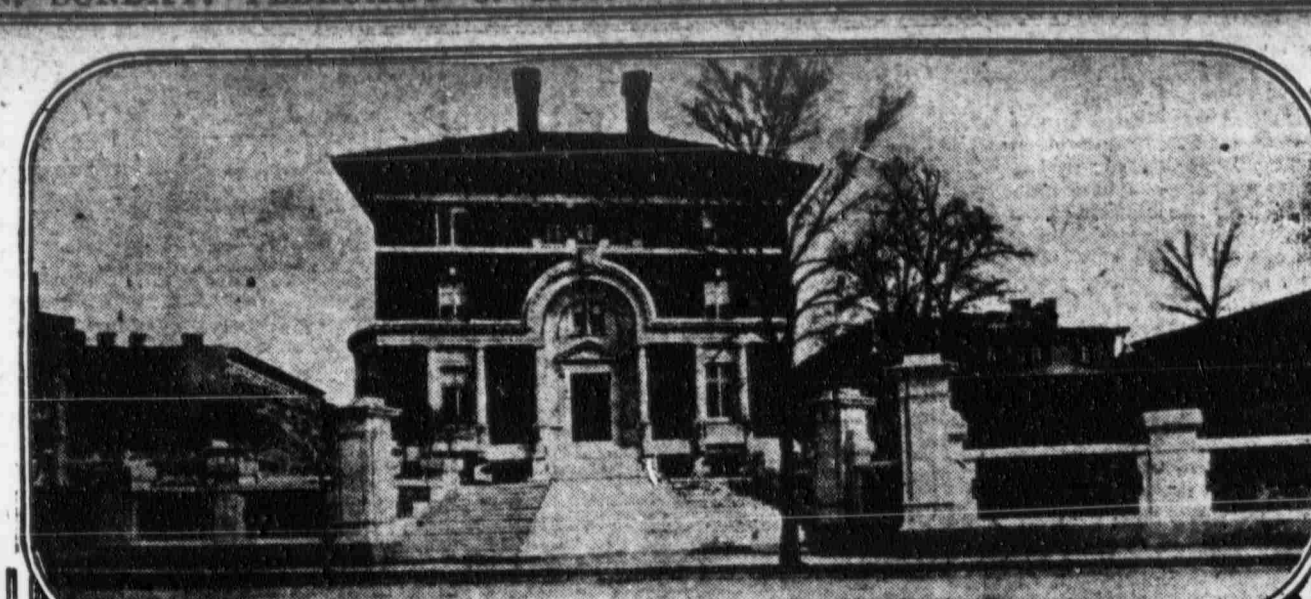
A Noise Proof Room Where Chess Is Played—A Poet, a Sculptor, an Athlete and a Couple of Machinists Developed in the Family by Her Ideas on the Proper Way to Bring Up Children.

On exhibition at the Art Students' League is a small white marble bust entitled "A Medieval Maiden." It is the work of a girl of 18, Miss Dorothy Rice, daughter of Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the New York woman who has recently distinguished herself by conducting a crusade against street and harbor noise.

monument, the Rice children live an unusual existence. Their father, Isaac L. Rice, president of the Holland Submarine Shipbuilding Company, is known not only for his knowledge of marine engineering but also because of his skill as a chess player.

is the poet of the family. Already she is the author of one published book of poems, and another is under way to be brought out very soon.

All of the Rice children are loyal Americans, although most of their lives have been spent in foreign countries. This



ISAAC L. RICE HOME.



THE MEDIEVAL MAIDEN



MISS DOROTHY RICE.



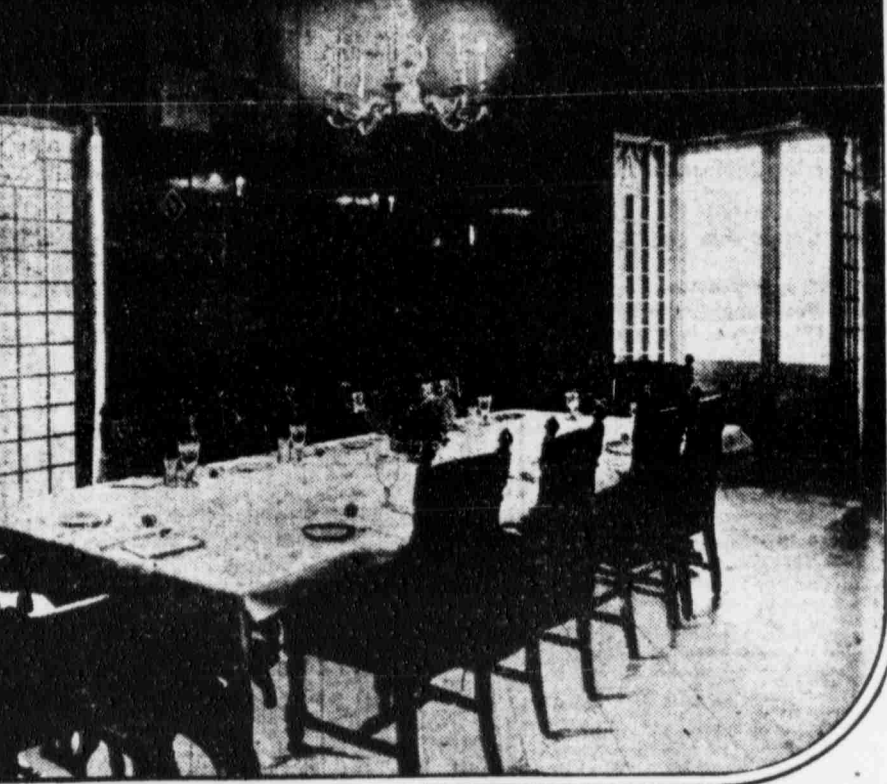
MISS MURIEL RICE.



MISS MARION RICE.



MISS DOROTHY RICE.



DINING ROOM INLAID WITH FORTY DIFFERENT WOODS

noises and who conceived the idea of organizing the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, of which she has been made the president.

Associated with Mrs. Rice in this movement are men like Archbishop Farley, Sir Caspar Pardon Clarke, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells and Nicholas Murray Butler. A bill to stop the wild screaming of the siren whistles on the river is now in process of being passed by Congress through Mrs. Rice's efforts. Hospitals and other institutions and individuals in every part of the country have written letters to Mrs. Rice expressing their sympathy with the movement which she started.

So much for Mrs. Rice in the character of a public benefactor. There is also an interesting phase to her in her private capacity. She has definite views in regard to the proper way of bringing up children and the way these principles have worked out in the case of her own children is of interest.

She is the mother of six children. President Roosevelt showed his interest in the family when they were recently at the White House by visiting the children personally and sending them all off home happy with many pleasant words and six of his autograph photographs.

All six children have developed cleverness in one direction. Among themselves and their friends they are known as Dolly, Polly, Tommy, Molly, Lolly and the Baby. Formally they were christened Muriel, Dorothy, Isaac, Jr., Marion, Marjorie and Julian, the last a boy of 10.

In their red brick and white marble home at Riverside Drive and Eighty-ninth street, just opposite the soldiers and sailors

Mrs. Rice's uncle, her mother's brother, was a Forty-niner and during the early days in California amassed a fortune which is invested in New York real estate. It is the conviction of Mrs. Rice that wealth is not given for selfish enjoyment but for the purpose of broadening oneself to the utmost, that it should be used not only to develop oneself in every direction but also to do what one can for the benefit of others. Her personal efforts on behalf of the anti-noise society are evidences of her conviction on this point, for she has spent much time and money in the last two years in helping along the movement.

As has been said she has some very definite ideas about bringing up her children. It is a fact that none of her family has ever heard her use the word "don't" in tones of command or reproval. On the contrary, "Please do this," or "Will you do it?" is the form of expression she uses.

She has sought to be her children's chum, companion and mentor. There is a special reason in their case why she should, for having spent about half their lives on the continent of Europe in travel—for six months of every year they are abroad—her children have not had the usual opportunities of the young to form friendships. So they have all been companions for one another and their mother is the leader in all their sports as well as their adviser in the matter of study.

Mrs. Rice has also sought to let her children develop along natural lines. A result of this has been a wide diversity of tastes in the family.

The eldest daughter, Miss Muriel Rice,

sentiment Miss Rice has expressed in several of her poems, an extract from one of them being as follows:

"Tis sweet to wander far; but let us rest, Dear Heaven, a little while before we go. So deep the hunger in the spirit is That months are insufficient—stay for years! 'Tis blessed to see our native hills beyond. Our native banner aloft in the air: We cannot weary of our land so soon. Oh! when the captured heart ceases to beat. Or when our eyes tire of all these things— The multitudinous beauties of our home— And distant countries dazzle on the thought So bright that we can scarcely see our own. Then let us go, for here we suffer then. But now the atmosphere is beautiful: Our breath that enters it is charged with love:

Our very sense still clings to all around As clings a baby to its mother's robe. Oh! like a sea gull, pausing on a rock An instant—then into the boundless air— Must we forever toss around the world. Nor count the seasons in that sacred time. Whose name has sweeter music than the spheres— Home?

If Miss Rice is not devoted to painting also it is because her mother has objected to her dissipating her energies in too many directions. Nevertheless she has done some painting and has worked in plaster and marble.

Each one of the Rice children has a separate room and in it each is free to do as he or

she pleases. This is another of Mrs. Rice's beliefs. She believes that "a man's room is his castle," and she would no more dream of entering the room of one of her children unannounced than she would were the occupant a total stranger. The children are at liberty to arrange the furniture and the decorations according to their tastes, and as a result there is individuality shown in each.

It is this idea of individuality that Mrs. Rice seeks to develop in her children. She puts them on their own resources and treats them from the moment they are old enough to understand on the theory that they are individuals and must make their own decisions. She endeavors to restrain neither

their tastes nor their thoughts, nor does she force their actions, but she aims to guide and advise.

Miss Dorothy Rice is the sculptor. There is in the library of the Riverside home a bust of a blind beggar executed by Miss Rice when she was in Athens a year ago and of which she is proud for one thing, because it was done entirely without a model and her only tool was a portion of a rubber hairpin from her own hair.

Seated one day in the hotel in Athens she determined suddenly to model a blind beggar whom she had just passed in the street. Her trunk containing her tools had not arrived, but obtaining a lump of clay and pulling a hairpin from her head she went to work and in a few hours the bust of the blind beggar resulted.

A third bust, that of a Jewish rabbi cast in bronze, is also the work of Miss Rice. Her tastes are shown in her own room by photographs, mainly relating to architecture in Holland and Germany, bits of sculpture, pieces of pottery and bronzes, and above all a collection of antique silver.

Julian has perhaps the most remarkably decorated room in the house. It is decorated with more than 2,000 pictures of automobiles of every make and kind in existence, photographs of chauffeurs, and not only are the walls covered with them but the ceiling as well.

He is something of an expert in machinery. He can run an automobile and is familiar with every part of the machinery. He can take an auto apart and get it up again.

His brother Isaac is also fond of machinery, and the same idea of decoration, though to a limited extent, is carried out in his room. In his case the pictures are chiefly of steam engines.

Miss Marion Rice is the athletic member of the family. She is one of the few women motor cyclists in the city and, as well, is a skilful ice skater. In a leather outfit of bloomers, short jacket, goggles and cap

writer. Already she has written some short stories.

The Rice home is one of the most noticeable on the drive because of the expanse of white marble forming the steps and entrance and the posts which are a part of the wall surrounding the house. One of the features of the house is the underground chess room built in order to secure perfect quiet for Mr. Rice and a private chess club which meets there regularly on certain evenings during the week. Everything is arranged for the comfort and convenience of the players, and though the room is below stairs, the ventilation, according to a new system, is perfect.

The room has a high wainscoting after the old Dutch style. There is an old fashioned fireplace in which a wood fire burns. Pewter plates are set about the top of the oak wainscoting.

The dining room is one of the handsomest rooms in the house, the ceiling and walls being inlaid with forty different kinds of wood in an Indian design which shows several full length figures.

All of the children are naturally proficient in French and German. While in Athens they also studied Greek, so that when a long account came out in an Athens daily paper about the family the older children were able to read it themselves.

For eight years the children have gone abroad, but this year they have rebelled. As one remarked:

"You know while we have been as far East as Constantinople, we have never been further west than Buffalo."

So next summer, in response to their pleas, there has been planned an automobile trip through the West, taking in the Yellowstone Park, and the children are looking forward to it with eager anticipation.

Among the autograph photographs collected by the family are those of Pope Leo, with whom they have had an audience; Monsignor Merry del Val, President Roosevelt and President McKinley.

## ON MENTAL AND OTHER CLOCKS.

### With a Pointer on How to Stifle a Metallic Alarm Clock's Clamor.

"Curious about getting up in the morning," said a man who has to rise early. "I find that I can make my brain serve as an alarm clock if I so will."

"I say to myself, or my other self, or my brain, or however you mind to put it, that I want to wake up at 6 o'clock, and at that hour I wake up, roused by my mental alarm clock, which from the time I set it, has been kept right on running, steady and true while I slept, to wake me practically if not exactly on the hour."

"But I find that this silent alarm clock is a very sensitive clock, a clock that refuses to do its part of the work unless I do mine. I said that it will wake if I so will; that is to say if I really mean it. But I find that if I don't actually obey the summons when it comes, if I turn over for another five minute nap and sleep maybe half an hour, and I do this a few mornings in succession, why then my mental alarm clock won't work; it appears to resent being forced to perform its duty, and it performs its part of the contract faithfully."

"In short, our mental alarm clock appears to be a very delicate piece of machinery which will not bear any trifling with. For the habit of responding to it promptly and truly and it will wake you at any hour for which you set it, but disregard it or treat it lightly and it will not call you at all, or with quite proper resentment it will now call so softly as not to be heard."

"But you have to mean it even with a noisy alarm clock of brass and steel; for otherwise it is easily possible for you to sleep right through even its noisy clamor. Suppose you set this clock for 6 o'clock, when you ought to get up, though you could sleep till 7, as you'd lazily like to do, and still manage to get through. If, thus temporizing with duty, you should let yourself sleep over a few mornings you would soon get so that you wouldn't hear the alarm clock at all; it might hang its head off and still you wouldn't hear it."

"On the other hand, if you are resolute in your intention to get up you will sometimes wake up a minute or two or three before the clock goes off. Here,

you see, our mental alarm clock comes in to reinforce the clock of metallic wheels and springs.

You may have given no thought whatever to setting it when you did set the mental clock, on which alone you were relying; but if you really and truly would like to wake up at 6 o'clock, you would likely set it, of its own accord, for the same hour, and it also would call you then. Very kind and sympathetic who do not—I know I had to learn it myself from somebody else."

"When your alarm clock goes off in the early morning it makes, in the stillness of that hour, a frightful racket; enough, it seems, to wake up everybody else in the house, if not all the neighbors, and while you had to have it sound like that in order to wake you up, yet now you sympathize with the rest of the world and wish it wasn't so loud; and still you can think of nothing to do except to let it hammer away until it has run down. Now, here is the pointer about this:

"If the clock is ringing with your hand you will find that you deaden the sound of the hammering instantly, and very naturally reduce it. But at this time of year it is pretty chilly with standing just out of bed in a cold room holding an alarm clock until it has run down; and the really proper thing to do is to jump up and seize the clock and stuff it under your pillow and press the pillow down on and around it good and hard. This will stifle the sound of its hammering even more effectively."

### Romance in a Banana.

From the London Tribune.

A Handsworth servant girl has had a singular romance arising out of a love letter which she found inside a banana. When preparing a banana for the table she noticed a bird's skull projecting, and inside was a letter written in the smallest characters, but legible. The writer enclosed his address and stated that he was engaged upon the Jamaica plantation. His life was very lonely and he desired a mate to share his loneliness. The girl decided to answer the letter, and two months later received a further reply, repeating the offer of marriage. Correspondence continued for about a year. Both were looking forward to marriage, when unfortunately for the Jamaica planter, a former soldier lover of the young lady appeared on the scene and the wedding with the old sweetheart has now been fixed.

## TERRAPIN STEW DOWN SOUTH.

### Mistake of Six Girls From Dixie Who Married Yankee Husbands.

This story concerns six Southern girls who married New Yorkers. They were members of the same family. It happened that the husbands of the six had never lived in the land of cotton. The girls were courted principally at Northern summer resorts or abroad. The husbands heard a lot about the South, for both men and women who hail from below the line talk always about the superior things which exist in Dixie. The cooking of "mammy" is one of the inextinguishable topics.

There was a reunion of the family from whence came these six wives, and it was planned that the six wives should go to the plantation accompanied by their Yankee husbands. One of the husbands tells what happened there.

"My wife was no exception to her sisters," he said. "You see, I had never been in Dixie, as she calls it, and that gave her imagination free swing."

"The particular topic upon which she doted was terrapin. I think if there was ever a time when she had a creeping idea that she might have done better in choosing the other fellow it was when I confessed that terrapin had never come my way."

"Everything comes to a man, they say, who waits, and while terrapin didn't exactly knock at my door, the time dawned when I went out and met the terrapin. A day was set for a terrapin feast."

their luges. We saw that something was on their minds. It came out at last. Not one of the women had ever seen a terrapin out down in its youth or old age, and this band of beauty that had thrived on tradition had to appeal to their Yankee husbands to prescribe the modus operandi of slaying the bugs.

"One of us told how they did it at Bowdoin when he was in college. There was only one scientific way. Take the terrapin by the tail. The grip causes the bug to stick his head from under his shell. Then decapitate quickly with a sharp blade."

"Of course, where there was a penful of the bugs this would take time, but the work could be expedited by having two slayers to each terrapin; one to pull the caudal appendage, the other to sever the head. This seemed cruel, but the Dixie daughters are true grit when cornered. The bony repaired to the house and soon returned, each with a knife.

"Then the tail riders got to work. Sometimes the bolt slipped, but the bugs were finally landed, and when the slaughter was over the pool was a bloody one to behold. When the gory act was over the procession moved to the baronial hall and the executioners related the story of their engagement."

"All would have been well, I think, if an old negro who had not been consulted had not said in astonishment: "'Lawdy me, how you chillun has done fo'got how you wuz brung up! Der is only one way to kill a terrapin and dat is to fling him in billa' water alive an' let him bite twel he die."

"We had terrapin stew on time and it was hot stuff. But somewhere before the reunion was over the bevy of terrapin executioners came to the conclusion that their Yankee husbands had played it low down on them, and from that day to the present, so far as I have learned, none of us has ever heard any talk in our home about terrapin stew down South."

### Winter Work for Automobile.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

"There is a farmer out in Walworth county who hit upon a novel way of making the money he has tied up in an automobile," said C. B. Pryor of Elkhorn. "He uses the machine in the summer, but when winter sets in there is little pleasure of profit in automobiling and most of the gasoline bugles are left standing idle."

## GREAT STREAM OF BIRDS.

### Millions of Voyagers in Migration Fill the Air.

Unless we live under one of the fixed highways of the air, like Heligoland, or spend time in lighthouses at night during the migration, I fancy there is little chance to see twice in a life such a movement of birds as that of December 27 and 28. The migration was then at its height. The second day saw the beginning of the return journey, and the movement was on the wane before sunset, not that it was actually complete by the end of the second day, the last loiterers who dropped out of the ranks on the way back may not have all regained their fixed winter quarters even by now.

On the first day, when I looked out of the window, writes a correspondent of the London Standard, I saw birds in flocks and small parties, flying west into the small strip of hilly country which makes the extreme western corner of England. The strip would be scarcely more than sixteen miles long by half as many broad, yet on the Friday it held millions of birds. I believe they roosted that night so thick that if a gun had been discharged on chance in many places birds not aimed at might have been killed in numbers, for I doubt whether the distribution over this bit of country was general and even, the travellers preferring to settle and spend the night in great concourses at sheltered spots.

I first noticed this marvellous bird stream at about half past 9. It was flowing due west across St. Ives Bay and the strip of coast just south of the bay. Two hours later it was still flowing, though in lessening strength, and I think that, save for a few stragglers, it was over by about mid-day. But how long had it been flowing when I first noticed it? One man told me he saw the birds coming across the water and land at dawn. The stream was a full mile broad—perhaps broader—and, looking constantly across the water, I do not think I once saw the sky clear of birds for half a minute at a stretch. There came parties, more or less compact, with hundreds of members, other parties seemed to have thousands, and the gaps between the larger flocks were filled by little bands of half a dozen, a dozen, a score, by birds flying in couples, by birds flying singly. All travelled across the wind, which was blowing strongly on the coast.

At times the air seemed full of birds. First I saw starlings, their straight line style of flight and the neat, triangular appearance of their wings in action always make startlingly conspicuous in a great caravan. But I soon found that this was not particularly a startling occasion. Fieldfare tail was as plentiful as starling wing. Fieldfares were in every large flock. As for redwings, I had not thought all England held as many as crowded over St. Ives Bay in this wondrous stream of life. That day and next day grey spots near the sea were alive with redwings which suffered me to come near enough to admire their rose tinted flanks. There were skylarks and linnets and song thrushes, and doubtless other kinds of birds, though I did not see a single blackbird. Many thousands of birds dropped weary on the brown sand dunes just east of the estuary, where I found song thrushes and redwings so weak that they crept and dodged among the grass tufts rather than take flight. I think they were no regular part of it. Whole flocks were thickly sprinkled with the tired, hungry traveller. A party of circling curlew swung by accident into a rising cloud of redwings, thrushes and starlings, and got mixed up with them, barely escaping collision.

That night was wild and roaring, but the hull came before dawn, and for hours next day I saw the birds returning east along the sky highway they had travelled west. This return had the same appearance as the journey out. It was as if the travellers clearly saw their goal, with such fixity of purpose, such straightness and sureness of aim, that they seemed to be on a fixed course. An express engine does not roar over the rails downhill with more fixity and decision than these bird hosts moved. It struck me that they must be dead certain of their route, that they could not miss the way or deviate a yard from it. Consummate ease and sureness were here, and a set purpose in every one of the travellers which death only could interfere with. This was the impression the whole migration made on me. He said that this concentration, absence of doubt and indecision, from the wavering of wood pigeons at roost time or lapwings in choosing a fallow to alight and feed in.

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Starlings would, on their way back, drop out of their flocks or scattered parties to alight on fields and sand dunes. But presently they would rise to rejoin the continuous stream overhead, flowing always due west. Water that has found its level would as soon deviate from the course as the birds from their highway.

I never before got such a notion of their majesty, the iron will of migration impulse, of its aim and spur.

## NO JOB FOR PERFUMED MAN.

### Chicago Employers Say That They Don't Want Him Around.

From the Chicago Tribune. Men in business have formed such an antipathy to the man who uses perfumery or has the barber put anything on his hair that has any fragrance in it that many men who don't know this are unable to connect with good jobs which might be theirs if they did know it.

Even the women have become affected. In more than one Chicago business house the stenographers have been asked to forego dousing a lot of scent upon their handkerchiefs or blouses. A slight trace is not disagreeable, but in some cases even the smallest vestige is objected to. To the men this applies to the shadow of it is fatal.

It was only the other day the manager of a house in which many men are employed was examining an applicant for a position. The applicant was a young man, well dressed, had a pleasant although a slightly bad appearance and talked correctly and intelligently, although a trifle eccentically.

Suddenly the manager, who had seemed to be watching in his mind the merits and demerits of the applicant, said: "Sorry, but we can't use you."

"Can you tell me why?" asked the applicant, "perhaps if I were given an opportunity."

The manager cut him short. "That's just the trouble," he said. "You were given an opportunity and you rejected it."

"But I've been given no opportunity," said the man, not knowing what was meant.

"Yes, you were," answered the manager, "you've been given an opportunity to cover yourself with cheap perfumery and of that chance you most generously have availed yourself. We can't use walking perfume bottles."

Other managers took the same view. They said that the day of the scented business man had gone by. They also said that their experience taught them that the man who used perfumery was likely to spend in thinking about himself time that he ought to give to his work.

### A Figure in Black.

From the London Standard.

A strange story is being told in connection with the death of Samuel Hughes, a sail merchant of Blackwood, whose body was found beneath the railway bridge at Crumlin. His wife, who was sitting up alone, states that at the time of the accident, early in the morning, she heard a loud voice calling "Beelzebub." She opened the door and saw a tall figure in black clothes and wearing a silk mask, of its iron will of migration impulse, of its aim and spur.